

10/10/69-
merilea
3/27/70

4. Oct 10th, having 10 days at
130 miles from Manila. Here
we are, we have been now five
days in sight of Cape Bolinao
and the zone, in a calm, it
is to 100 fms but we can't keep
it up. We very often stay I fear

most of the time in the zone.
And that aint all, we are
in a plateau again. I will
win this you know.

Old Skilnaker George

a Swede 50 yrs old
yester day of throat disease
died for our services this
morn had his burial, a
few men to me now, our

last flag over a still grave

One for the dead and
one for the living. We commit this to you
to the deep, a fallen life
and all is over with

who has spent a life on the stage
And perhaps it is best so. What
would become of him in a few
years more. Should he live? I can
help thinking though, of different
things. I stood over his bier
alone and felt

the cold away, I thought would
look like my dear ones have
and would they talk a back
and what would he tell them
been good? had I done my
"tire the least of my brethren
of that responsibility!" no doctor
would to advise with, alone
I stood! alone? how often
alone! Cast out from the world,
weigh over a solitude like
this; But I need not repine
in my own cloisters, and as
I have chosen this her must I stand
to fall by it

Our decks have been literally
Covered with birds. I don't know
what makes them so tame. At
the sight the owl and the linn
comes, in the day Sparrows and
Swallows. And hundreds & others
whose names I don't know. And
the old cat she goes up in
and seedy to Spring
She has killed a great
Once in a while she don't
jumps out of the water,
flap against the nest,
she goes. I have had some
in reading "Beauty Fair" a
beautiful thing, and I don't
of anything that could answer
so well. Now, "Carlet in the
And some other
So we go, if it must for a
renting I don't know what I
do.

But the mettress this I have
got is a new cook & steward
neither of them know a thing.
My bread to day was brought
in to day raw, the bread is not
fit to eat, my teeth are so poor
I can't eat hard bread, and
am I to do.

Today, the 12th Oct. I may
b. Murray; here we are
in the mouth of Manila Bay
what a time we have had,
night it seemed as though
heart would sink. a
triumph whistled all night
such bursts of rain, it
ended up at 10 this forenoon,
and soon we saw Corregidor
island with its "Beacon" upon;
full in sight a streaming over
Bay of Manila

I not



Franklin Encourager. Manila
To New York. Nov 3rd, ¹⁸⁶⁹ Thursday
Lat 8 miles north of the Bataw.
Long 107° East of Greenwich, in the
China Sea near the Coast of Borneo
Sundays, P.M. 100.00 miles
2 A.M. 8 days out west.

"O Give Thanks, Give
unto the Lord, Call upon his
name, make known his
awesomeness to the People" of

To Sirs
Dear at home in your
long gone by. (but here we
take ship again) in this
paper of our Church. We
for all good readers in life
Manila bound in. We have
there, and are now near
through the China Sea on our
Home.

And this is a Thank giving day,
Just as it may round the world from
where it is but Thanksgiving day.
We have had a nice turkey, and
all the fixins got up in nice style.
First as we carved off the nice thick
bit of meat, and cut his joints
and served our meat to our
native hills! and al ked our
if they all had plenty and
hurry, sitting at their boards to
lay? How does this time honor
national feel them. God knows
I am alone will tell. Do they
think of about over there? Do they
mention the war? Do they still
was there? Friends are gathering
about us. and with each returning
one, age remembers more and more
fondly the scenes of youth. God
bless them all in our own land
and home today.

And how fits it us. Well! here
we are. Two days now of incessant
fuming there, no sun or friendly
stars to guide us, through all the
dark rocks and shoals of this
treacherous sea. With unseen and
unknown currents still running
us on. We have safely wet our
way. Why did we
Why the dread agony trigger
Kent strings? Why have in
our mortal eyes to pierce
midnights gloom? Did not
I say? "Then thou passest the
water, I will be with thee"
Do we "make known His name
among the people to day?" And
all flesh shall praise the Lord,
forever and ever
His name. How that old
man comes back to me to day.
It is sounding in my ears.

over a quarter of a century ago,
And the voices, that sung it, where
are they? The faces that were
joyous and glad, the eyes that
looked into ours? Here there are
they looking over my shoulder,
looking out into the darkling sky.
I can see anything to day. This
then makes one visionary, and
nervous.



3rd

Indian Ocean, at latitude 8° South
2 Days from Java Heads. 24
from Manila. Dec 11th 1869
Here we take up our Chronicle
again and in this 3rd paper
tell How we have passed safe-
ly from the China Sea to the Java
Sea. How we were becalmed there
seven days. How the low moun-
tains of Java and Lombok are
Hanging in our horizon back of
all these creamy blue seas
and seventy miles of distance.
How we anchored to drift
drifting on to the shoals.
We at last arrived off an
and were visited by the
boats, and brought our usual
Supply of Chickens, Sweet-potato
Fruit &c. and sent our long
long letters home. How
the breeze from shore smell

Scenes with the odors of rich fields
and plentiful blossoms. How
we sailed, tacked, and wended
our way among islands and
rocks! speaking such signs
many ships of all nations,
How sometimes it seemed as
though we made no headway
till at last on this 11th
of December, one year
we sailed from ~~Eden~~ you
find our selves on the broad
surface of the Pacific Ocean
more, and now we ask
ourselves, what has this whole
year done for us? how does it
suit us? any better. Sadder or
riser! Well we have tried to do
right, how near, remaining for others
say, many calm peaceful
days has come to us, not many
ious ones, those have long gone

past. Some moments of exquisite relief. when danger has passed, then again the "iron has been in our souls." Anxiety and care are doing their work, and we begin to feel and see the symptoms of decay upon us. But such as it is we can not change it, for better or worse.

"When hope we find,
The joy to thee; And careless we
Our way across the sea."

We
a ship the other day - ship
Hallow! what ship is that
the Janet Ferguson, of Glasgow
Where are you bound Sir? I say
where are you bound pray?
New York! How many days
are you out? 30. & Will you
report me in New York, Sir?
Aye. Aye. if I arrive first
Please for me if you arrive for

Then came the news of the
Franklin from Manila 21 days
for New York. Then, smooth

in Pelgaric. Will you give me
your Greenwich Line Please?
(Chronometer). Aye, Aye, up
goes the British ensign, a signal
that he is getting ready. Mr
Vannah, the mate, takes his place
at the Chronometer. Pelgaric an-
swers with paper and pencils.

"Are you all ready?" hails the
Briton. Aye, aye. A man
lets his signal halyards in
hand. Quick as a flash it
drops. "Line!" Mr Vannah
says "time!" Mr Vannah, gives
her 2 o'clock (morning). 19 minutes
34 seconds. Briton hails
2 hours 18 minutes, 34 seconds
we give him ours, there is a minute
difference. Then follows good wishes
to all boys, and "Soon too soon,
part it's pain, to sent those silent feet

- 4th Paper -
Dec 12th

25 Days out. Lat. 9° South.
Prelim Ocean Long 103° 30' East

Sunday, and is my custom I will
write a little. I wrote a paper
yesterday. But to day is so
beautiful, that I cannot help
decorating it. The sea has that
fresh sparkling look the sailor
loves so well, for it tells of a home,
we have a nice one, the S. O. ^{des}
Our best days are always
And now our prow is turned
ward. Long has it been on
to the native shore, and lay
anchor in other havens. But
luck it points the right way,
fateful dangers of China and
last is passing off life and ac-
tly comes back again. And a
vorous th'ill with the anticipa-
of seeing our homes and dear
once

102

Yesterday a troop of Splendid
Dolphin came flocking along side
and such splendid colors I never
saw. They were so frolicksome
that they actually breached along
side. (breach in nautical parlance
means to jump out of water.) Today
a flock of Stormy Petrel, or mutton
birds' chickens have come to us
the first we have seen for a long
time. They are cunning little things
and are scarcely ever seen to alight.
There is one vessel in sight, the English
vessel "Hope." She left Rambla
for England about 15 days before
we sailed. So there are some 22
that the "Franklin" outlasts. We
are having a blow out of chickens now
got 12 Doz. in Rambla eat them up
then 8 1/2 Doz in Augies and
they are nice. An old Steersman
a great fellow to Cutters for

The Table. His name is Francisco
He went to Manila 13 years ago
to get something to do. He soon
got steward to a large American
House, and remained there till
now. He owned a Nestivo, and
had three children. At last he got
considerable money, and thought he
would take a trip to his old home
the States. So the best way was to
make it profitable and go the way
of some ship. I took him
and give him the privilege of taking
a Select boy, a bright little
boy 10 years old. When I hear his
voice prattling round the deck
think of home. Yesterday I
saw a big Larantula (Spider), in a
room. They grow to an enormous
size in the east, and are said
to be deadly poison. I get in
luxury at Anjees. A box of
Cocoa nuts, when green the

filled with delicious eat with
just two good long drinks, and
the best I know of in warm weather.
There is one thing I will describe
in this paper. The enormous trees
that drift about the China Sea. They
are huge Palm trees that get adrift
from the different islands and sail
away, grand as can be. They put
out canoe like leaves for sails, and
at a distance look like small
islands. Again they look just like
boats, with six or seven rows, as
the branches all bend one way. They
look like the oarsmen bent to their
oars. And Ships have often
run for them supposing them ship-
wrecked sailors. So to my birds
joyous birds of the wandering wing?

where is it ye come with the flowers of Spring?
We come from the Shore of the green old Nile,
The land where the roses of Sharon smile,
The palms that wave thro the Indian sky,
Myrt trees of glowing Araby." Mrs. Green

5th Paper

Dec. 19th, 32 days out. Return ocean
Sunday before Christmas -

We are now, 1000 miles from Anger on our way home and all goes "merry as a marriage bell". The Franklin goes tearing the water up and pounding along with all Stud'y sails out at a great rate further. The Moon is full and the nights are as day. It is beautiful, but we are rather use to it, and do not exactly appreciate it. We what are they doing at home pretty well frozen up I fancy. Getting ready for Christmas. I suppose there will be some presents given, &c. If I were the world I get one, my presents are exceedingly rare. I am reading Gibbons History of the Fall and Decline of the Rom

Musty old volumes to look at, more interesting to me than any novels I ever read. All the glitter and pomp of the Roman world is passing before me. It is a good time to read. There is no other world to pass before me. I have got a copy of Beecher's Plymouth Collection of hymns. I have read it two or three times. I expect it was made for me. All the old times and new ones are in it. Are the songs our Father's songs? They take me very home again to the air where I used to lie, the little Chapel. The congregation all passed before me, the old home, a sweet voice tolling the minutes as we gambolled by the Brook. Sailed our sailing ships, or drew our miniature wagons through the paths. And enough, the visioned has changed

"Here are they living still,"

"Teach them your children round the Earth,

"When evening's fire burns clear,
And in the fields of Harvest mirth,

"And on the hills of deer,

"Call back each unforgetten word,

"When far there looke me waves,

"Call back the hearts that once it stived,

"So childhoods holy Name,"

Any body can see who- on p
id, I have read many others but
has such an influence over me

Ains Remans. My first boy
in was hers, "Come Home" Com

Then the "Breaking waves dashed

I knew before I could talk plain,

I wonder if from her home in the "W
of her God" She can hear and see

as on earth? No woman wrote

so much and so well as she

What shall I do in this dreary
life if it were not for my love
of Poetry. History, astronomy, and
all that is beautiful that God
has provided for my leisure. The
awful solitude of these lonely seas
would drive me crazy, and
sometimes I think I am. Well
as the fellow said, "There must
be method in my madness," or else
I could not get along.

At my library
hereaus, when I left home, I took
my sea books, now I have
all kinds, many given me, many
bought. Some longer & over two
hundred of the choicer books,
stick to me, it seems as though
Knew me, and it seems as though
when I see them, they say "Hello
old fellow, and you the Chap that
makes the models, and draws the
's, and placed the Guitars." Well
have heard of you, we want to take
a ride with you" So they somehow

Pacific Ocean," Sat 1905 my 75° East-
4500 miles from Manila. Nearest land
Ahead. Rodriguez Isles. 640 miles off
Dec 25th, 1889. 38 days out
one year and, 20 days from Home-

A merry Christmas, 'loved ones,'
Where are you all? That is
speculation for me, I have not
heard from you since July 1st al-
most six months. I hope and
pray you are all well. I
will tell. As for us, you
by the heading of this where a
fine beautiful S.E. Trade is
Spanking us along, with the
mometer at 84 in my room! It
much below zero is 32 with you.
The Sun rose here this morning at
5 o'clock. 7 o'clock Christmas or
with you! We are very busy pass-
ing a circle round the earth
miles. 24000 we can almost
see the other end. it will be

I have given the last week to making
up my acc'ts till my hand seems
to swim in Dollars & cents, (They
don't swim in my purse). all other
folks money, which I could not
begin to pay for, if my accounts
weren't straight over 12000 dollars
in gold I have spent for W.F.M.
This year. And I can account for
every cent of it. The Chinese
have a custom of closing up all ac-
counts at New Years. And the man
that don't pay all his bills then,
is forever disgraced. And had
never have his hand cut off.
I think it would be a good thing
if Americans would feel as nice
about it. At any rate, it so happens
that I thought it would be a good
time to post my acc'ts. and I have
just got through, it is more fatiguing
to me than writing Poetry, and
when acc'ts balance it is all the
wind.

Every thing I have done is posted
So if I Should die, the most perfect
Stranger could settle every thing.
And if they don't look so nice
as some, they suit me, and show
that I have liv'd a long way with-
in my means.

I have a bad earache
and am almost deaf, my eye sight
grows poor, laying a white cotton
Canvass sail down on deck &
spreading out to work on, will
most blind me. This is very
irritating to all senior eyes. We
have been constantly at work, on
all the passage, are just fin-
ishing a new foresail of 300 yds
150. O Luck. The Canvass cost
175 dollars gold, and this is one
out of two sets of sails of 200
each. And who has to pay for all
this? The people that are Car-
rying Cumin, Sugas, Hemp &c

My plants flourish nicely. I was passing
round the box they are in the other morn-
ing, and I thought I smelt somethin
nice. I looked closely, and there were
two, of the Cunninghamia little orange
Blossoms, peering out at me. I could
almost worship them, I suppose it is
because I am alone, in this dear sol-
itude. I don't care so much about them
in Part. We had a Splendid
one for dinner to day. Green Peas,
Cabbages. Sweet ones too. Dried apples
and a big Plum I left. The steamer
will be got 2nd gts of fat out of the
box. I hope all the deer ones
have got plenty at home to day. Friends
I have thought of you all, to day. In
the middle of the night, I looked out,
Moon and Stars were shining in match-
less Splendor. The steady rush of water
was the only sound and the only other
light. I thought of that other night 1870
years ago. When the "Star of Bethlehem
and the bright vision of the Shepherds of Judea
reunites him to his

7th Paper

Sunday. 28th. Dec. 1869. 39 days ^{dear} at

I wrote a paper yesterday because it was Christmas. This is my regular day. Tho' I have little to write, will say that we made 215 miles in the last 24 hours easy, and it is very pleasant to get along so well. The weather is beautiful. The nights are matchless. We are very near the Longitude of the Land, and no wonder they think that "glory shone around" if Christmas Eve was any like ours. And so this is Christmas eve, the Hollidays &c - So I send my darlings some Old Santa Claus. Well, there time enough, and I suppose that myself with a good fat check no. 3 Spring will have to answer.

We shall soon have to be dating the
papers. 1870, how funny that is
to me. Time is rolling on, But you
the post says we take no count of
it, expect to note its loss. Well
Penn, "Time was money," but he
had no time. I have been acting
School master, tockey and been teach-
ing the Second Mate Navigation.
It is so hard to get them to take
hold. They think Navigation is some-
thing beyond their comprehension. But
they must learn. He is a very
well behaved young man and
belongs to South Boston. Seymour
Weeks is his name. I have got
some nice young men here two
from Duxbury, of good family and
well educated, I have mentioned
that was with me when I mar-
ried of the Starless 8 years
ago. It is hard to see a young

man before the mist. Stay there
and grow old, and never get ahead,
I have one boy from the School ship
at Boston. He was a large, dirty
little thing 'till he fell from a loft
one day, and ever since he has
improved wonderfully. I have one boy
from Liverpool, a mean contemptible
thing, another from Yorkshire in
England, he is a fine musician
and puts a great deal of music
into the rest. They sing well
nights. I have a smart bit
fellow from Scotland. But
best men I have got are from
Sweden. Solid, stout, great per-
sonal, and thorough sailors. The
one man from Cork in Ireland, who
is the very picture of a Fenian.
His name is George. I have
a Dane, who has been a soldier
in our war, and who is

Scared in the face, that he looks
ugly, but the of the best Plan
got, I always study my
mens faces and characters,
I often get disappointed in them,
some that I expect to find bad
men turn out first rate ones.
and in fact, I have seen no bad
men since I have been master,
whether it is their treatment or
not I don't know, but I expect
that has a good deal to do with
it. Perhaps it is good mates,
I hope I always shall have as
good mates and men as I
have had

A Happy New Year!

45 Days out

Dear Madagascar. Jan 1st 1870.

We are shortening our circle, and it won't take us long to swing round. We pass the Isle of France. (called by the English Mauritius). Port Bourbon the and rapidly approaching the Island at the top of this page. We have had beautiful weather. have crossed the ~~the~~ trades. And yesterday we crossed the "Tropic of Capricorn" now are in the South Temperate. And this New Years day for the Pilgrimage 38 years old. — I have to stop and count you I was born in 82. One year ago today I was writing in this same room to my darling same as I am now. The year has fled, with its joys and sorrows. but little I know of it. let it go. I think me

ago to day, I decapitated, my
position for every Birthday since I
have been going to Leb. 21 of them
now, I remember 30 years
ago to day, of riding home from
Pawermo, in Rain, Father, Mother,
Luis, Billy & I. I was six, Billy
three, It was a bitter cold day
how the Frost stung us, we crawled
under the robes to keep warm, we
stopped at a little country tavern
on a hill to get warm and get some
thing to eat, how good the Hot Dogs
tasted, and how I like Oliver Town
wanted more, I remember just the
that Horse and Sleigh looked, in
got dark before we got home, all
stars came out bright the cold
colder, and the frost, Father, Let
Boys whistling in the dark to
"our courage up" Father & mother
Dad, I remember the time, I now

forget times, especially that one.
It was "while Shepherds watched
their flocks by night." I never knew
that time, but I think of that bitter
cold ride. And to make it worse
Fathers Sister whose guests we
were in Palermo, had other and
grander company, and Father
& Mother thought we were slighted.
Of course I was not old enough to
know, but I have always thought so
from that day to this. I have not
been there from that day to this, but
I believe they are all living. So
Peter the baby of my age, was
drowned in California. Well, we
got home, we all went to grand
mother Pierces while father went
and built a fire to warm the house.
Grandmother P. was living then, a
a noble woman she was. What a
life of suffering she went through
unquestioned all.

And day of it seems we thought all
her children inherited it.

And now we are past the
Prime of life. It has been one of
hardship and toil, and has
brought us little of worldly pros-
perity. But we do not regret
we have tried hard, and there
is time enough yet, perhaps, and
it will be so sweet, if God should
in our latter days bring it to
us. If not, we will look for it
in that Better world, every
moment counts now, and with
all our past experience we
ought to do a good deal.

So here Boys cheer the plow
and Breeze is blown.

To wait us freely over.

Oceans broad.

The wind shall follow in
the track we're going
The star of Empire glitters in
the west.

"A happy New year"
No one greets me with the old
old words. But I cannot help
thinking there are loved ones who
would wish me a thousand. In
vain I wait to hear prattling voices
ringing in the new year. No new
year present for me. But I will
go away off out of the world on
these horrid voyages, and leave
those who ought to protect and
love and care for, whose fault
is it? not theirs. As I suppose
my children ask their sweet
where their father is and when
he don't come home. And then
we a new years present, and
she tries to tell them, and then
it is their fathers birthday
and they must love him too
much. Poor things it is a
comfort to them to be paid
that way.

Sunday. Fair yester, I won't
write much to day. We are having
a nice run, but it rains a great
deal. Our Sundays are gener-
ally fine, but this one is an ex-
ception. I guess it is better than
the cold wet cheerless ones I
used to have in the "Dolphin".
Catalaguecar is 240 miles off
and we have got a fair course
as well as wind setting us up
two weeks from to-day. I hope
to be off the Cape, and then
turn back for old N. all over again.
Have not made a basket yet. I
shall have to begin soon or else
lose my reputation. It would be
as bad as my hoing in the garden
last year.

"I who when here in other sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambique. At sea north east winds blow
 There an hours from the Spicy Shore
 Perchance the Blast, with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many
 a League,
 Cheered with the grateful Smiles ^{Smiles} of old ocean

Aug 9th. Madagascar. North distance
 108 miles. 33 days

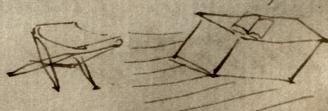
We have had a tedious time all this
 year. Had one short gale or two
 also, and the rest calm. And as
 a gale, it came right at us like
 a great wall, purled by giants. In
 the night, I was a sleep, and
 they awoke me and told me to get up.
 The second mate had the desk, and
 did not know enough to
 thing wrong. It was coming like
 funeral pall, so dark so thick
 the tomb. But once in a while

gleams of Brassized lightning would
light up the Sky for an instant.
There was the only time one could see
a thing. I called all hands, and
we had hardly got ready for it
when it struck us. It was one
awful roar, no human voice
could be heard. In the Flaming
or Dolphin the consequences would
have been bad enough, but the Frank
lin is a different ship. She has
different Spars, and is a stone
wall at sea, and rode it out with
out a struggle, in all the blackness
of the Sky, lights appeared over her
at first I thought they were stars
But that could not be, they were the
famous Complaisants. falls from
the each masthead and jard on
They are weird looking things
Dulor always reads to Lee
them, they have a superstition that
if one comes in a persons face

it forebodes death, and lay me here
a beautiful barge. But such a
heavy sea from the contrary direction
that we make little headway. So
it is that we can tell when a gale
has been raging that we don't know
about otherwise, it levels the sea for
hundreds of miles like a tidal wave.
And this sea tells us that if we were
further along, that we should be
battling ^{the} elements to day -

I have
been trying to write a good deal, but
get sick and tired of it. I have been
writing a Ship's Hand Book. it is
a tedious job. I read one volume
of the Roman Empire a week,
and think of Dickens' "mortal remains".
Where the Golden Dustman tells old
Pegg to decline and fail. We
have seen only one ship since
we left Aughr. that was a long way
off.

Yesterday was another Anniversary
Battle of New Orleans. That was
a famous day. The first Battle of
Bull Run, the John Bull Run.
I hope they have good weather in
Spain to-day, and are all well.
The summer birds will come before
I get there. I wonder, if Danny
has got a Sled and goes in winter.
I expect he will have to have skates
soon. Of course there is no boy
equal to him. His mother and
sister are looking at me out of their
wals. Put him Peacock picture.
But he must be a noble boy. And
all the Baby I have got in this
part. He visits me regularly at present
time, H   



my table & chair

Sunday

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16th Jan'y 1860. 80 days out
I thought two weeks ago that we should
be nearly up to the Cape to day. But
we are not, it is 530 miles off
well with this haze it won't take long.
We have it from Eastward, blowing a
fresh gale, the ship running dead-
before it, with all sail set, regular
old fashioned smokey cartouche haze.
Thank Providence it is what shortens
the distance between the two and I am
rich. When this haze sprung up it
came right from ahead, if we had
into it, and were happily disappointed
find it a fair wind. We could see
laying off in the SW. like a great
bank. But no matter when it com-
from, it is fair, and we need it
through the weather last week has
Cloudless and Splendid, the sun
been mean enough. It might have
worse had it been a gale ahead,
we ought to be contented.

Folks who read this will say, what
do Sailors write so much about the
wind & weather for, I don't think
it is interesting to landsmen, but
it is our all, and we get in the
habit of writing about it. Well, we
had not ought to be more than 60
days now on the passage now as
I'm thinking it will be Seventy.
I only think we have not had a gale
since we left New York to part,
only two short sparks. 13 mos. It
is wonderful, so pleasant and
smooth, that we shant be fit for
bad weather when it comes. We
killed the old ^{dog} ~~dog~~ we thought ^{last night} to leave
New York. today, he was a hunter
and my, ! Aint th. Steer and maw
What a blow out every body is having
and the Cats, too. According to pre-
cedents, we ought to have a gale
on all th. Hops. Dick killed
last. Ship have generally

been revengeed by a gal, "Kaskee" as the Chinaman says, we have
got the Pork, and will run the
risk of a jail. We have got one
more big fellow to kill, and accor-
ding to the table calendar we shall
be pretty near New York. As for
myself I have been busy as the
old Scratch the last week, writing
filing old Papers, tearing up and
contemning old Books. Covering
Binding my Magazines, turning
Books to pieces, I have found the
old and others, as I have been in
portfolio for my Scraps, odds and
ends. Raked my old letters and
manuscripts out and piled them up
made letter books, and all so
of thinks, and the week has flown
away so quick that I have hardly
time to read my customary old
Gibbon's Roman Empire (that
is when the last Roman General
was beheaded) my Book

So many Sheet Charts, I found
on the shelves, all covered in white
cloth and paper. I have been
through with my charts too. I
never knew before how much I
had neglected them. It's cost a
good deal of money, and I now
know how to take care of them before
I have arranged my drawings
and they make quite a portfolio.
I have carried out bushels of old
paper, and kept the steward's
little boy. Reckon pretty well
sweeping it up. It is fun to see
them too. I enclose the steward
and his boy, they look just alike
only one is a miniature of the other.
They are mulattoes and have numerous
knots of wavy hair, when it is combed
down black it is all right but when
the winds blow, it flies out like the
arms of a windmill, and when
I call the old man, his little
is right at his heels.

When the steward cooks any nice cake, tart or turnover, he sends Rocken, in with one on a plate, almost as large as he is. He looks so droll that I have to laugh, I have got no regular cook. The fellow I disguised is still in the Galley, and a wild Indian there beside, a manilla-man, but Francisco has to see to all, and he looks so comical. Coming down out of the dough, that I would anything to have the folks at home see him.

The mate Mr. Van Name saw my draft of the ship the other day so he said he could make one. I told him I would give him the paper and the measurements if he would. So he got a drawing board made and I made his board out and went at it. First he had to take the measurement into a book. It took him so long that I guess he had

tried, for the board is put away,
no signs of a draft about the time
he began. I said there are some
stories in those magazines you can
have to read, & in. I am done
with stories now, says he, yes-
terday he came and wanted to
read. If I would lend him one,
I told him. I offered them to him
all, and made up my mind that
he would have to ask for any thing
the next time. But he is a smart
and excellent young man, and
there are not many mates like him.
All the second mate wants to
read is novels of the Blo
I fancy. So we go and so we
live, year in and year out, and
happy the man that can make the
best of it. So I say. I wish people
get rid of the ants that have over-
run the ship it is distressing to see
them. I can't help thinking of the

border of both ^{thus} overran the Roman Empire, and defeated its generals. A Cockroach ain't so bad you can see and follow them, and kill them but a ^{few} ants, kill one and a thousand million will come to its funeral, I cut a Slip off my Striped plant and put it in a bottle of water to root it, (It has rooted but slowly and I have to go and look at it,) Well don't you think, they come up the Bottle and down in the earth down to the water to drink, back again millions of them, on earth they go then for I can see, But I hope the cold weather will kill them, they are in the sun, in the tea, every thing, Strange to say the first we saw were on the body of the old Seemaker when he died three ago, and did not get into Cabin for two months

We are having a splendid moon now, & I behold as though the Indian moons were finer than ours. I am reminded of a piece from Scott's Prokely, that I learned long ago, and will write it here.

" He learned when, beneath the tropic gale,
" Full dwelted the vessel's steady sail,
" And the broad Indian moon her light
" Poured on the watch of middle night,
" When seamen love to hear and tell,
" Of port prodigy and spell;
" His tales are told on Lapland's shore,
" Whistlers, rath bid tempest roar,
" Watch of mermaid and of sprite
" Brings cap and Elmo's light,
" That Phantom ship whose form
" Lofts like a meteor thro' the storm.
" Then the dark soul comes driving on,
" Not lowered is every topsail yard,
" Not canvas more in mortal tooms,
" More to brave the gale to come,
" Nor mid the roar of sea and sky,
" A sail topgallant hoisted high;
" Full streaked and crooked like a sail,
" The Lemon Frigate braces full gale;
" And well the Doomed Spectators know
" The harbinger of wreck and woe.

The Elmo light is the complement explained in the previous paper.

The Phantom Ship. is called by the sailors " Flying Dutchman", and is supposed to be of the Cuba Fred Hope. in heavy gales, under all sail.

12th Feb.

Cape Agulhas (Southernmost point of Africa).
Went off us. 180 miles - Jan'y 23rd. 1870

65 Days

Dear one, I write in this Chronicle
some time ago - I think that we should
be off at the Cape a fortnight ago;
what! a prophet!

The last week
has been a hard one for us - taking
out a mass of tools and cases.
(Three guns). And it has strengthened
the Franklin up considerably
and also lengthened our passage
a good deal. I try to keep my
courage up, but it gets me down
to think it, and grows poor on it. We
know we ain't alone, two day's
we passed to ships, and a
back, and some of them don't
any better than us. Last even-
ing we signified a telegram
new English Clipper, the "Lord
London" from Calcutta for London.

It was a very a gale and she
came close to us.

The land is in
sight to day. the high mountains of
South Africa. we have seen it several
times lately. We have also seen the
ui Cuckoo to day. the first we have
seen for a long time. and lots of
Pines. the great Albatross keeps close
to our track. And such magni-
fici Skies. I wish I could describ-
e sunsets just before the first
gale, we had one, that far splen-
dour I think it beat us - the sun
was not a cloud in the sky
till then. When they suddenly be-
came visible, and arrived them
ever as though to have their portraits
taken, then the sun painted them
splendid as it seemed. there was
a faithful monitor down in my room
that told me to return! The Baro-
meter, the infallible guide to the

weather was falling. - hilly - nothing
else to tell as there was a gale a
coming. Nor did it come for two days
and I began to think my friend had
deceived me, but no. We have had
a belly full of it. and to day, Sunday,
is our first sun day. for a week.
The Sun comes out though often and
most always at noon. when we get
our latitude, then is something more
about it. others have noticed it. and this
over Hieles Hyum for to day (or
Sunday after the Epiphany) in the
train year. I found the following

"I marked a rainbow in the North
"What time the wild autumnal Sun
"From his dark veil at noon - looked for
"As glorying in his course half done,
"Flinging soft radiance far and wide
"O'er the dusky Heaven and heat till

I can't help thinking of Ascan

in Topsail - we visited you, go
last Summer, when that took
lay unried on their table, But
they found them pleasant in a like
letter book, I always read it
with the Bible. No religious part
has equalled Reble in my opinion
I have found the best history of
from I know, keep you in Gittins
"man Empire", what a foul was
and massacres it was the cause of
Lead lead to the fall of the "western
Empire," and shall omnipotence
right (I could denounce it.)



Sunset at sea. Pacific Ocean

South Atlantic Ocean.

Latitude 32° 15' S. Longitude 13° 25' East.

Jan 30th 1870. 14 Days out.

Round the Cape, at last all right,
14 days who ever heard of such things?
I see he looking over last year's manu-
script that we were 57 days from
Manila, with us less, well it
be helped. The Atlantique ocean
clear between us and Home, we
will do our best to make up
lost time; though we can do nothing
out the wind. No ship was ever
closer matched than this one has
been. We passed no less than three
ships last week. under short
sail, when we were carrying all
and I mean to carry all sail,
till she can bear it. We have
six Royal Studding-sails on
now, and only one ship in sight

We did not see Cape Good Hope.
But we saw it to the peering
over the mist at us in the night
18 miles off. The last week I have
busied myself as usual, and
my volume of the ^{new} Calne & Fall
of Roman Empire, made the
rockets, and sets
up. I got my fishing
rods and lines all ready by
yester. Some fish with hollow
work, but we could not get a hit
though we tried a number of times.
Two of my former voyages I
have caught plenty of them, we have
not in 80 fathom of water. I ex-
pected we might have seen the
flying Dutchman, we were off the
L. So long, but I found in a late
newspaper, that he had arrived in
Rotterdam, after a voyage of 98
years. So, he won't be seen any
more. Rolling down to S. A.

"Helena" is an old sea phrase,
and we have done some pretty tall
rolling the last two days. The long
swell took a turn a cross worn
Cape Horn, by the master, that
comes in the Southern reach of this
Ocean; sweep right across us took
and the ship has to roll 10°. It is
a week more we shall be
it. everything is in motion, an
clattering with a thousand tops
I took my last years manuscript
and bound them together, then
been clambé for a fact and
making a nice book as I thought
I put it in my drawer, and a few
days I took it out, and no a
vestige of it would have been left
in 24 hours. The Cetaceans
ate the back entirely off. I saw
they liked the glue, they say
that I was rooting in a hole of

was a few moments for the cutters
get their drink. but back I was
planted it. but it was fun to
see how disappointed the beggars were,
when they found the water gone.
My plants have suffered very much
in the last week, and I am afraid
they will die. I water them
morning, with my wash
tray, perhaps that is the cause
of it. When we were going up
we were visited twice by an enormous
hawk. I never saw one so large
before, they don't however us very often,
I took my guitar down to day
and, most of the strings broken,
like their owner's voice. I have
not heard either in the music
room for a long time. And prob-
ably never shall again.

that! a moment prize to hope!
Her natural flag from the mast Telescope?"

stripe of African or some Mexican
Sunday evening - 8 days

but till us good shore folks - the

ship is No? well then

23° 30' South, & I am of the week.

I'm getting along very fast
no wind, the first is
much wind in the first few
going to sea, but I am in the
extreme now, and I don't know
which is worst. But at all events
we are not alone, we have four
in sight, one of them for five days
I hope now, it was in Dutch
Ship Java, 13 day, from Java
for Amsterdam. He sails the 11th
as the "Franklin" also two off
If we had a strong breeze we
beat them. Busy now, now
fitting ship. Shilly making, &

Having done this, he goes up in the main cabin to have a cup of tea. Then a walk of 20 minutes looks all round to see what he can see. Then a wash, then back down out of work which are no two minutes. He then takes the chronometer for an hour or two. Whether it is a trapeze or plan, or on a deck, if there is one handy, or an hour in all our long days to make the work nice & new. Breakfast at 7.30. Then observations of the sun for Lepetit by chronometer to his figures already for noon. For a couple hours more work at our ship work. Then what little time, reads in the Beacon Library for an hour. Then for noon observations for Latitude. Likes the temperature of air, water, also barometer. Then gives the orders to make it 9 o'clock. for me go by apparent

or less time, and regulate the clock
to it at 12 every day. Then
he finds his Latitude and Longitude
then puts it on the chart, sees how
much she has sailed in the last
24 hours, and what course & compass.
Then dinner, then writes his journal,
entering all the events of the day,
minds, weather, sky, sea, &ometer
for every four hours, and then
then works on deck a while
the Kitchen - then washes
on a basket, then reads an
hour, then supper at 5 P.M.
then reads Roman Empire,
walks the deck, till about 8
gives the officers the deck the next
two hours, goes to bed with
English Magazine, and reads it
self to sleep. But is always
at the best change in the sea
or a hearing of things generally
so pretty much the whole of

Isn't it romantic?" who would sit still
a farm and go to sea?" In my
last paper, I wrote that the Cock
Roaches had eaten up one of my
manuscripts, this week I found
another badly eaten, so I watched
for the literary animal. instead
of a cockroach, it was a cat
a big fellow. He gnawed into the
paper, through a petition from an
other animal. Well I shut the
windows and doors &c quickly
and lay out for the mate to
ring Tunny the old white
C. T. She went right to where
he was, and when she drove
him out. She had him with
a flash. She is worth her
weight in gold, and keeps
the rats mighty quiet. She the
Cat, Tom, is handsome, but the rats
would eat him up if it want for
a white;

15 - The October

"But when the Jesus was sinking in the sea,
He seized his harp which he at times
Could string.

And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When denied he no strange ear was listening;
And over his fingers over the old Ung,
And turned his Card in the dim Light,
While flew the rebel on her wing;

I have thought sometimes, that no
else has such a fool as to play
a guitar. But so it seems differs
according to the poet. Once a
while I get mine down from the
baskets, and tune it up. I have
company in it. And now
am drawing near that line bar-
ge. St Helena, and next morn-
ing, hope to be past it, and soon
begin to count the Sundays
it will take to get us home. It
a great fashion among sailors, w/

They are on the last part of a
edge.

I made two brackets last
week, & I have got six now,
I am not tired of it. I made the
first one pattern that Louise had
done to. But, it was tire some,
& I would do any thing she said.
I wish I could be when I come
something better than making
brackets. But I suppose it
is all for the best. I will cut
for a Sea Captain, at all events
I am one, and God has given
me this way to amuse myself,
I have not cut my fingers yet, but
last week I was cutting, & I
placed for one of the men, and
I cut my thumb half off.

Pilgarlic

South Atlantic Lat. 4° 5' Long. 90° 1'
Sunday, 13th Feb: 1819 88 days out.

" Safely thro' another week. " We
passed St Helena last Friday;
It looked just as it did when we
passed it in the "Diana" a year &
a half ago last June. And the
sun set behind, while we
were in sight, there were a con-
course of as ships together, all
to ascertain how our chronometers
were. Yesterday the Dutch
"Java" was still in sight with
mark that we have been in company
with 12 days. But to-day we
have despatched, he to go to
our Fatherland, and on to
the New York world. Now we
have shaped our course straight
for Cape Hatteras. And as
we have been only fourteen

From the cabin. wrote to be in New
York

Six weeks from to-day. So day the
Sun passes us or the pass us, on
our way North. and thus we are
ever passing and repassing, but
never so much as ^{this} last voyage, we
know not in a Northern or South-
ern summer ever since well
as a dozen years. with little ex-
cept. The vertical Sun -
tomorrow is St Valentines
day. I wish I could see my
brother S. or lend them a val-
entine or something. I was quite
sick yesterday and had to go
bed, but I am all right now.
We have very near finished our
cabin. only a few days more.
I made two brackets last week
and aint got done yet. I hope
they will get home safe. It will
take quite a box to send them
etc.

I see by the Ships old log book that
he was one hundred and thirteen
days from Manila to St Helena
last year (now 86 this year), and
they had to stop and get bread and
water. We have got provision enough
of every kind for six months now
and plenty of water. It is a com-
fort to have plenty. And now
more we have a tight ship.
never have to pump her.
is a great blessing. But such
long time to get anywhere. my
even will be soon up by the time
I get home. And how it's a
vessel to read the Roman Emp
I have got two more volumes
to read. It has the best history
of religion that I ever have seen.
1500 years ago, they were fighting
over the same doctrinal points
that they are now.

Sailing through the S. C. trades! The
Ship is strong and ready now, and
moring off as quiet as if she were
in the Kennebec river. Now is
our busiest time. We haul all
our old sail, to save the new
ones. Let every thing on one mast,
as she is right before the wind now
and one mast is all that does
good. We haul all the other
sails, as though she were in Harbor,
and begin Scraping, Farning, rattan
washing, &c - and every body is at
it from morning till night. every thing
removed, cleaned put back, and
it is no foolish job, and it don't
stop 'till we get to the port,
when the wind will put us steady.
A weather coming, and probably
the can be done for a few days.
and so the time goes.

18th P.

Latitude 3° South. Longitude 22° West
South Atlantic. Feb 20th 1870
Well! the work goes merrily on, and
though the ship don't go so fast yet
she goes strong. Another Sabbath
and I hope to be in the "Concord"
We have about finished our circle,
a couple days more and we will
be more or less toward home.
Little more than a year, we
are in and "Washington's Bay"
We shall soon make the
or Island of Fernando Noronha.
It is a high peaked thing and the
Brazilian connects on it. We
shall be on our coast, after
the Equinox. Rather a bad time
or weather, gales &c - we shall
see how the "Columbus" will stand
it then. If we keep up our rep-
utation for light winds, we
shall the Clerk of the weather.

In the last two weeks I have done a
good deal of writing for me. I
have copied a poem and illus-
trated and bound it. I have written
out a complete set of rules for his-
captain, and Captain in Ships du-
ties. But I may never have to tell
an officer again. He will
have copies, and read them. I
have written a complete invent-
ory of everything on board a ship
of that is a book of itself. I
have made out a recognition
of everything wanted. I have made
manifests of the cargo, in dupli-
cate and triplicate, for the cus-
tome officials. And last week
made one bracket, and seven
volumes of Roman Poetry. There is
more to read, and that job will be
over. Yet I like it. It is something
to stand by, it is written better

best of language, and we cannot but be bettered by it. I have lots of English magazines, but I read myself to sleep with every night. There are beautiful stories and interesting articles in them.

The time passes away enough. I always have a needlework, and at twilight I can't help to read. I take one and whittle, and more. I do not work on them steadily. I can only do them, when I can't do anything else. I've got so I call them memorial baskets, thus, one went to Lizzie.  with jobs, more with embroidery, wreath, others I make all baskets, we just began for Theresa B.  Maria  I like to make patterns that I never seen others like, but I almost tried of And if I had not promised to me

I should not make them, I have
got some drawings to do, but I don't see
any chance to do it. I have got the
Reformation in Europe & I suppose
to read; and then my reading list
will be over. but not much before we
part. I have got the History
United States by Bancroft, but
not tackle that this way up,
at a clearing out of my bookstove
be when I go home, nothing but
old Standard I left. I will I
will remember all Brad. I have
a good deal. It is a great am-
ent to me now, and I think more
and more of it every year.

Lat. one degree South. Long. 39° West
Sunday. Feby 27th. 103 days ^{out}
We are now well into the western Hemisphere
and tonight we shall be in the northern.
The deck has gone, and made it
Washington's birthday. Weather very
bright. And the work goes on
on. We've painted the ship
and it has got nice and so
she does shine like a glass bottle.
The weather is splendid. We have
no fear of rain here, and go on
at night as securely from the
they are at home. And the mornings
are fine. After a good night the
the sun rises clear and shines
the moon horned, and a little che-
ries.  The ship goes on

red wings, that is with all her stars & so
at the sides. a few fleecy clouds
a bird or two, that's all.

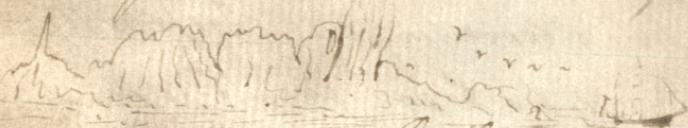
The Sibos get their matal and matal
ii. four hours below for we have been
on deck. That gives them much less
time in the day. When we are so busy
we are at work all day. Now
I have given them paint, and they are pain-
ting two Chests, Boxes, &c. And in
as good as can be. The carpenter
is now remodeling the Galley so
when we have got a tough cur-
sor for a cook, and it takes me
the time I can get to watch him.
One day, I made him take his
matal all apart. (Ship's Calomis are
able to take apart). And such a
night! He scraped, and bracketed
out of some out of it. And he
will be the middle man of a new
minstrel troupe. I think there
be amount of dirt that a filthy
cook will allow to collect. We have
had our share of them this voyage.

We have had our first trouble with
sailor this week. One of the men
a Maltese, gave the ~~some~~ ^{some}
insolence, while I was in cabin
writing. The mate slapped him, and
the sailor told him soon he ~~but~~ ^{the}
what he would do in ~~then~~ ^{the} ~~an~~
mate says he also understood
his knife. But quick as a
he caught a belaying pin, and
it came in the man's head, & now
the noise, and ran out of the cabin.
I saw the mate give him a ~~crash~~ ^{sharp}
hav, that laid his head open, and
left him bleeding over a spar. I
was quick. The fellow saw me
run out after the mate to ~~Clap~~ ^{the}
him. looking up at me with the blood
streaming down his face. Oh sir
says he he has done this for nothing, I
replied. The mate went for him
Hold says I "What's this for, what
this mean. Let the man speak to

Lael en it is done now. The man
who is really a good man was in a
passion, that it was awful to see.
Came his eyes rolled and
glared and his face was white as
a sheet, then, sir I can't tell you
now. I had the man carried into
the castle. And then examined them,
they were all harmless but one, that
was up, and right between his eyes,
sewed that up, and fixed him
up when I went to my cabin.
mate came in and said, that he
blamed the man for some misconduct
of the men, threatened him, when he
saw it was time to act. Did I do
done right. Yes. If a man
saw a knife, to disable him
the first thing. He done it off
and the only thing I had him for
losing his self control, punishing the
man so much. This has grieved me
very much, for it is the first thing of
sorts that has happened for many a year

19th Page
Continued

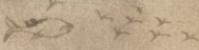
We signalled our station, vessel a
Spanish brig and we saw the Island
of Fernando Noronha. Lat. 3° 45' South
Latitude, is off the Coast of Brazil, and
is a penal colony of that nation. It is
right in the track of a whaling and slave-
smuggling bound Ships. And is a
landmark, arising to a remarkable
towering high up above all the
which looks like the chimney of
a factory. This is the chimney



seen, for miles. My chronometer, which
a new one, has all the counterset been
on the date, I had to give her a new one
and then give her another at all
which proved just right in making the
which pleased me not a little
is the first land I ever made, a little
expression for first land seen, after leaving
New York, in my first voyage Captain
relieved I felt then. It is an old

That was little more than five
years ago. It is the last land we
shall see now till we get in
hope. Yesterday the air was filled
with S. of flying fish, by an
old man from the Alphonse that was
after him. A splendid fish about the
size of a dinner plate. We caught one, he made
us a dinner, besides a chowder
we had just potatoe chowder
when we had dinner made for sup-
Breakfast. We have to be very
careful in eating a deep water
fish if they have been feeding on a
very bottom. they are deadly poison
and many a ship's company have
been fatally poisoned by them, we
put a piece of Silver coin in the
fish we are boiling in, and if the fish
turns black, they are poison, do
them, if not, all right, eat away.
They were a splendid sight yesterday
treaching along side, in their mad

comes for their men so we were
taking the sun. The jumper the mate
dropt 100 fms. what cover they
must have.



We killed and eat our last
ham nice. and used up the
potato with him. I have no
potatoes now. for a long time.
They are a great luxury at the
old time we hardly ever got
of them.

We have no remenence to
kill off Bermuda, and have
some Sweet Potatoes to go with
that so we draw near home, we
are about 100 fms. away now, and so
some trust we shall be well
and ones we think so much about
God Bless them. I wish they had
little of this warm weather. It will
soon carry their snow away. Tomorrow
is the first of March.

"The ~~Ship~~ has come at last.
"With a ~~Ship~~ and wind and driving rain
"I hear the rushing of the ~~Ship~~, BO.

I finished Roman Cradle this morning. 11 volumes.
12 in 12 weeks. It is the Standard of
of a good Rome. & O - and purity of
style and elegance of style. Cannot be
beaten. And nobody can read it without
liking it. And now I take up
Lives History of the reformation. It
is not new, but his first chapter
will lay down the way by which one
can be saved. I dont like 500 lines
my start from now to save you of
it reading. I have worked there
the last week, besides inspecting my
lib. and taking good care of them.
written a good deal. I have begun
a novel book, which contains a
about the ship. It has been very
to collect the matter, so many letters
and particulars. But it will always
available to me as long as I have any
thing to do with ships.

far off. my ship is in those
long days. the chart is not. the
compass points. There is no mistake
about that.

Preaching Gibbons. He is a
Christian religion, an idea
of Jesus." I have found a
before salvation. Christ as
by our sects has, been so mixed
with history, "Alien to reason.
God has given us. That I have
been disappointed. But He appro-
ves now. Not as God indeed,
the founder of a religion the most per-
fect and undivided, that ever existed,
messengers from God. The best a
honest person that ever lived. I
think I can believe, it is in accordance
with history. It satisfies a desire
it satisfies my reason. Of his in-
divinity. &c. I don't see that ^{it} is yet given
to man to know. I believe that in the
meantime. the wish has been father to the
thought. And people have believed to be
true. what they wanted to be true.

To the world I do! and say? -
When will I be done? And when I know
say, I will present the evidence
of the world. But I begin to think
He may be the knight of anything he
can do! There was a time
when I thought it would not always be
so. Televisin begins to hit away, and
the world, but that in the
sky and the earth, begin to
rise in my horizon. Well I've a castle
in the air, a castle in the
air! The more my mind goes there
I look in at the window. It was a
present and beatification. Now I
can play around, a clear mother
him with a smile of infinite
It pleases me, do they think of
that castle? And my life is
twisting, twisting for that castle. If
light shines brightly out for me, will
she ever anchor in front of it? I've
another castle, perhaps it is not

20th

Port of the be. 45. 11. Long 80°
March 8th. 110 days

Marsh came out this
time in true form and
though we were better
friends. He rained and
and rained. But we
laughed at him and
our fingers in his face
up on old sail or two a
or, saying I will come back
in about 21 days and
then laugh that min.
you may teeth off later on
Crossed the Equator the 14th
we. The 5th and 6th Sun. That
crossed in I believe -
plet. Familius stars appear
above the horizon. The North
first. We begin to think of returning
but home, 15 mos, and now

Cloudy and wet. What events have transpired we know nothing about. There was an excitement about App. 1st. It was off a long way. The body has. Sailor can tell us who went it. How many off we'll see our bodies dashed to pieces, the realization of yet we is nothing to the anticipations. It is ever so. We had the rain last week and such a thing, nobody was see. Pilgrimage reading the Reformation was a very exciting. Old Luther a splendid character, would could be like him. But his justification by faith is a puzzle to me. Has been to many a better man. Our little Java Sparrows that have chirped so lively at us are now all gone. See but get what they want to eat, this pulled me is all gone, and

we have no time to
see them.

They went to see the
crack with their bull
out of the cage. They
after flying about
and wanted to
came hopping up to the
looking for a place
in Cork, the famous cat
How mad I was. She
other. Her tail a good
one night the old she cat, was with
a rat that had got in between the
Bread Boxes. She had him a long
time and did not come out, I said to her
and went up behind her and took
her tail in his fore paws. She
in her hind legs turned round and
gave him a good cuffing on his
face, but while she was doing so
the Rat said what was going on and
jumped out and ran off. I
seen things in life a good deal but this

O in the Room.

Yes, it is haunted, not by others
But it is real Knocking, for two years
I have had a knock at the same
place, without calling about I hunted
it down, It seemed as though
I would get outside
but it would be in the room, now
I know where, sometimes loud
and every body has looked
many times & we found it
it was moved, then it would
back At last, I took an
account of my room, took the bed-
room, medicine chest after
I took up Drawers and Boxes,
and then it came back and
tore over, It is a subject for
the learned, If it cant be
between the walls of the house,
I dont know what it is, It is
something rich at any rates and
around me, and dont frightened
me in the least

Dom
Continued

fest & I have been sick all of
all the week. The weather and
I began last Monday to
tear my room to pieces
all that day & night when
I saw the stiff that was
out of it. It put me
in the parable of the man
like mariners in
a carriage. I sat down and
slept, and almost dreamt
getting it to rights again,
was my secretary, all to
the medicine locker with
the wash box or sink
box. Mr. Lofa, & so far we
have built into the cabin. But
it is not yet Tuesday. First
Secretary, Wednesday the afternoon
I think, I think the medicine
box will be in the room at least to
be painted it, and tomorrow

London

Wednesday

Look at the weather. It is good weather
to do a lot of work when you are
going to go to the Fair. It is
a good deal in the best part of the
country.

Evening. I have to see the
old place again. Made a walk
in the afternoon. It
was a fine day with us in the
country. Everything is unusually
bright and active than ever.

Thinking about the animals
I have seen, they got to be terrible
frightful. The deer, bear, deer, very
frightful. And I have actually seen
a deer rather than a stag. I
have left my room
earlier. I hope the cold
will not come. Nothing of
a dangerous little
weasel. They stout brute
though they have got all covered
in paint. I hope they will live

21st Paper

A man overboard! man overboard!!

On Friday evening at ~~6~~⁶ six
on the Point Court and
cry rang through the ship
anything that puzzles me about
this. Fire is the most common
may be put out, but a man
is not always put ~~out~~^{out}

dark
was settling down on us, dark
rain squalls were driving past
the cruel Atlantic looked round
and smacked his lips together
breath, sobbed, by turns like a
child.

The Captain
was running the weather side of
Quarter deck. The wind was
strong, and the ship going about
R. Quist as though rang out
words. "Hard down your wheel

"Hard on your wheel." Karel
down was the reply. "Pull
all hands! He springs to the
Lee rope in hand to heave over
the
Kes
but it does not reach the
lowering day. See oh
I rings in his ears. The
of their stations. Aim
Karel! and level
through the blocks the
Ship, Tackle up for
Boat! Quick now for
the ship. The ship is now
not and with every thing aback
drifting slowly towards the man
But his eyes have ceased, a hoarse
bubbling is all. Over goes the boat
into ^{the} Spring. The second mate
four stout men, and a sailor
He holds on to the rope a minute
while thus the Captain ~~Mr. B.~~
"Pull right round the ship, the
"stout voice light of her. Hail
"men every little while, but do

long sight of the ship. Poor
precious lives in that boat and age
age sir! answers the foreman.
She shoots like a long train of
phosphorescent light into the
knots and Oh God protect the
soul who was the man. Oh
one of my best boys & brother
24. How did he get over so
fall from the foremast and
swim? Sir I was ship
him last voyage and he had
a stroke. Then the poor lad is
but we'll try for him. Say a
looking in at the Captain's window
would have seen him, gone before
down on his knees. "Oh God, we have
done all we can do. Into thy hands
commit this poor boy, our boat
and our ship. If it be the will
of them."

The ship lays still. The
sails are in. The rises and falls
to the sea, and all eyes try to

Gloom

After a long, gloomy tour and the
coming back, we went a bailey
it is dark in them, off they go with
the boat half full of water, we made
another half hour and
was back again. No chas-
boats crew are on deck.

all satisfied men then
do no more?" Aji'ayi said
"I need not swim!" Well then
the ship on her course again
a mournful night we had
and so our Charlie
links into the depths with but
out a grave, unknelled, uncoffined
and unknown.

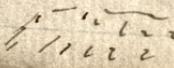
Such is often happening to
ships. I don't write, as in
able to us than others, as some
friends have often told me. But
it is very trying whenever it is to
it befalls. A good man taken
moment from a little lone company
dark, very night is not a thing to
passed over lightly.

22nd

Lat 24° North long. 77° West.
March 116 days

Seven days never know ^{weaker}
Citing it is to be ^{worst}
rough. We have had a ^{is}
week. our life lost in a ^{1.}
To day we have a fine ^{1.}
but there is no dependence
in it. Our storm lasts on
our ship is a fighting trim. for ^{the}
is the Atlantic the worst sea
face of the earth. Though it
bore us to the arms of our ^{the}
yesterday. I got our poor lost brother
lives off, his letters upon quite a
the object of many
men. And I have written his
poor sad loss. But he is in it to
wicked care from troubling and
wreying are at best"

Sat^h word into my room,
It, fit but it is very
conf. I have made up
true as usual and send one over
in your name. Soon that
will be done, and then I hope we
will be home. We have
a boat up, and plenty of
tobacco. We shant need it
for a long time. We saw a ship
last night we passed a bark.
Ocean is full of Gulf weed and
is the color of a tree toad in
the sun. The ghost in my
room is knocking away, at a great
rate today. If we went to sea
some I should tear the whole house
down but I still find it
killed our but old water to be
have got one old yellow topped
billy yet, and then we shan't
want any more. Old Dick
the dog has got to be a rouser
and we expect a good deal
from him.

Friday 18th we do as this week
we had a calm. The sea was nearly
covered with red weed
I told Boy Jack to get a
and get me some. But he
make out very well
me if he collect not so
and pick some. Told him
went down carefully, and al-
most always he strayed over
It was a pretty sight, to see
swimming in the weed. He pick
a lot, and held it by his mouth. when
he got as much as he could
he seized the rope. and com-
up out of the water, holding his
a veritable Triton rising
from the deep, with his locks and
beard dripping the tiny eye int.
the sea.  "Well Jack
is it cold?" "No sir, it is not
and  "Triton warm"

Our ~~enemies~~ have seven
like ~~us~~ we should have
seventeen, but God milled it
otherwise. He has solved the
problem ~~of~~ that sages and
scholars lives in vain to find
how much better he is off.
"maked come from
and the weary are at

I picked my weed over,
"agave" is the right name of
weed found one solitary little
plant in it, he tried to run off his
dogs, but he had no where to go, and
therefore gave it up. I killed some weed
over, put it round the roots of
plants, but I fear it is all up
with them. I have no glass top
they are nearly dead, but
that's a good deal of comfort, it
is ~~at~~ ⁱⁿ them. Our little Japanese
Rooter & Pullet stand it best, it
keeps to see how grand they
would the decks. I hope it shall
be ⁱⁿ Danny, but my pet's not
well ⁱⁿ now

23rd Febt

A gale of wind. it is so long
since we have had a real gale I presume
that it is worth writing about. We
are within one day of
Gros
muda, 122 Days out
place where there has been
we
have had signs of it for
The sky has been strewn
fine mackerel clouds, a
truly Bloody sunsets & sunrises
The Ghost in my room has been
visiting louder than ever, still the air
keeps warm. The thermometer is
But yesterday St Patrick's
in the morning, it began to snap at
11 o'clock at 4.30 long mighty rain
clouds hung round the horizon close
down to the water, but one in a while
I could see through them. Sharp white
cold clouds piled one upon another
like so many mackerel Batteries
ready to deal us death and destruction

The haze was fair pleasant. de
ceitful. But you don't catch
P.M. in with such stuff as that.
A little monitor that never lies,
Barometer, was slowly falling
on the deck all day watch-
ing at 4 P.M. a few puffs,
nothing more, in all the light winds
and more. That low
evening, nothing saved that has been
written round the ship ever since
Charles died, grows plainer, load-
er. At sunset, a ball of dull
fire goes down into the sea, kind-
ly great flames of Brass
light shoot over the sky, then
the Levees look as if they were
all covered with fish Belles
the scales. Spun in gold can
the ground work blue, we look
with awe, presently that gives
place to a dark Indian color

When radii of clouds stream from
to west like the foam of an umbrella
They are as straight and as
silken as though drawn
with a pencil
the tunnels through which
earth are going to be passed
on to our destined ship.
It is with the sail, we're so
at it, that the moment we step
back there is a great gale on
me we just in time, mercy!
it blows, we almost look one
through the carelessness of the
mate. But they are all fast
now, it the darkness we should have
been in bay before, but the founders
our safer ship. Now the men
will be useful seafarers, no you don't,
the jobs are all in, we are not going
to have any body washed off the
boat tonight.

At 11 P.M. a regular squall.
All the sail we have set is the
Fore main cross reef topgallant
But that is too much, we must
lower the main. But not till the ship
has run into the other very, for
we are now heading direct
across home, we must put
head right away from it, or
we don't safe. The ship
goes over in her broad side, but
like me we wearing to and fro
it rolls fearfully, from side to side.
Elgarlie goes down and checks
every thing in the cabin off with no
more. Now he takes his place
on the foremast, the wind almost
takes his breath away. What
awful seas, they come then to a
tence, then a smooth spell, the
noon he come out. The shores the
steers off gradually. It seems as
though we could almost take
hold of them.

23rd per timed
But there remains e, we must
not let one of them get on board, nor
thrust a chain, "Leman to after
Gards" up with you C,"
another man at boldly
Starts at first, then he
gives to pull off.

so - terrific with the A
like great walls of water, C
with piles of ice, C C
Come in series, C C
banks. But the wave C
then impels our noble ship
back, they break harmless on
the C C C C C

is now at safe. Now in the
Lopside and leave her too.
Well done! now lets see how
below, every shutter and door
is closed up tight, battened and
winded down. And every plain
beam has a voice, How they do

How are you and what are you
doing here? Come to see if every thing
was right Mr. I'll look after this
you off after your party
isleep then? All right sir! An
the man who has his vinegar
to be sold in the following of vinegar
and clove. All right sir?

He for his. Ick about
the clove! my wife is an oleander
lady. And she is with a very bad
man. That oleander whistle
to the top make at home with two
teeth in their mouth is all over the
place. She is here too now, and
she no more. Pilgrims has
slept 21 hours and gives her
little rest. But not much. And here
he is. The weather has suddenly grown
cold, and he gets numb. He rolls
into his blankets, rolls from one will
another, and at last dreams
of hours of his dear girl of his
sister. But it is a troublesome
life sir, and gives him no rest.

20th
concluded

He is looking at the water, shying
at him through the waves, it turns
into his beloved face. Why don't
~~you~~ come down and say. Then it turns
into Mr Baker's face, and he says
what a long passage

Eng.

up to now. He was from
decks and stairs into
The steward, so thinking
going to be drowned has run
into the cabin. Regular chiv-
king off, and squirts out
the weather. Barometer is
up, all right. He lays down on
the old steward who is
a good hearted darkie, comes
out with a cup of steaming coffee. The
woman starts, but, then, looks
indifferent until it is, she can
treat me from this? Blessed
water, fit for the lips of the Gods.
It is 4.30 A.M. again, the old
steward says

Shanandoah and you must
dragged on board, not must;
this is nothing. It is a change,
as the day seems away. For
the soldiers, and the "Folks"
are all at my camp
making a regt. But
the two on one hand, for
the other, holding it as I used
to hold my fiddle, while my harp
plays the good old time
Kris music in the air. I have
been thinking much of the song that
a fellow used to sing to us. (and I
have nothing to do with my guitar to do but sing
things like). "Mark, the sky is
gray, the sky is clouding over us,
"As we sail, we sail beneath the sun,
"Storms and dangers lie before us
"As we sail, we sail, before the sun.

I see it in a different light now,
And that brings to my mind, when

a great sailor. I never saw a
man been. Till one day, Uncle
Tom, every where, one day a poor
Sailor, got to telling off his
plots. I mildly told him that father
four father, cried he, was
a sailor, he was only one
and that a cabin boy! When
down came my house, and I
brought myself a visitable
of the visiting, found I was
a cabin boy I seen, I believe I
told of it, but it was a long time
I got over it. I don't care
if I'll be a sailor, I'll go
and if I did, to my hearts and
well like old Luther at the
of worms. "Here I stand, I can
do no other." Then

a impulse I have had. The first
ship I went in the Captain told
never would make a sailor, know
telling me. I went home heart

and a good. True I
was fitting Dan out for a whaling
voyage, I am going to make some
thing of him said he, and not have
him talkin' about like you, another
K. back to next ship I went.
At the ~~wind~~ ~~water~~ was
was reef the mizzen topgall
one fift at the conig, and
set out to leeward' up young
ice proudly rung out on the water.
The Captain was walking the upper
deck, he looked up. I said
to say to the water as I said of
the prop, that boy will make a sailor.
From that time I never lost sight
of the gear, and what is it
after all? Is it not better, — no
matter, I was thinking of somethin'
misterd than. Good fathorn man.

2. Sailor of the sea

24th.

Lat 28° 36' N. long 88° 15' West
March 20th - 124 Days out

Pains backward now, and
now, we do not
much farther
now to come, and
we had again some
over having bad news
days. A regular "Lum-
ber" as sailors call it, from
Lummer, no mistake. We
are lost in yesterday,
and over 300 lbs. will not
make. shops. DC - we never
the best, the smell of the gas
enough after so long a diet of
fish. The weather is just as
we had. we have got off all our
cotton clothes, and such I have
I left nearly all day yesterday
so day is cloudy. we will
not have over one more at sea.

It was a beautiful day, the air keen,
the sky bright & the clouds perch
like a capiz, a lily, a ship
too. I do not to mind a Sat-
ter, but I like it more
now than I did long ago. It
was a good mate of the
ship, we are now,

all done of a long voyage, our
days all a bor bor boro and
I was about the same
as the wind was the same.
We were steaming by the wind
to the westward. I had the
noon watch on deck. A sailor
he was very kind to me, he was
to keep with me. When I said
hallo, I said a sailor
coming right for us, the
On, on the same, and getting
quite near, the Captain black
passed. She wanted to

The Longitude, as far as the Officers
are not very careful about their
navigation. He told me to get the
Blackboard, we always have it to
chalk out our position & road herring
near, and they do the same road for
us, while he went forward to
up the Line. I did not see

I could see she was a large
ship with a high deck load of guns
first she would fire one near
the other. I could see them very
confusedly about the decks. I
was wrong. I called the Captain
"She will be into us. Can't be
long before she will cross our bows," no
one to cross our bow. "Not
so bad," says he. "It's too late now,
better have everything about.
I understand he. We were passing off
the coast, but it was too late. The ship
was right under the Starboard
quarter with a shock that sent me
over Her head gear broken

ours and driving them along along
side. & one as large as the ship
and her tall masts to windward of
ours. Recalmed then & the vessels
rolled like two logs along side, tied
together. So rain & wind to get clear.
It was no use such ripping and
crashing nightful. "What
is this?" cried Sall
"A vessel & then polite.

"It is your abrau" replied
the master of the S. Thomas. Now a
boat can make tacks about
a ship according to a law of
sea. Has the right of way, and
either vessel must get out of
track. and so our boat. Both
blister. "Well" says the other "I
t so near I did not know what
to" which was the truth. He
frightened most to death. ~~so~~
got them to lower their sails. a
strong wind filled ours, and we
froze away from them. ~~so~~
the S. Thomas. What damage
the forward sir. Stove in
plan kegs just above water. Carried
away our jib Boom, and ripped
down out our channels, &

Some of our morning buckles out.
Stages over the ridge, tarred canvas, oak kum l'nel and nails
soon make us all so She
does not travel and
do nothing serious But
the Schorner, the 4
big fibrous go the
rolling about, and the
several paralytic movements
divided away from the the
Captain began to grow the
walked the deck saying to the
"I think that old f. It's the
been 20 years to be run into
and days out. What will the
captain say?" Then after
a full sight of the Schorner, I
noticed that the Skipper the
said, "you ain't a going to the
leave you" But he was so poor
and anxious about our own
the station, that he did not

He was off again to rejoin us
again, but before he should start
again, the ch. l. sink Crook's
Why? because it was loaded
with timber. How do you
know? Our old cook was
a good hand so was this, and
the timber was while away
the time. After this he
left at his respective
port, and the rest of what in
the world is

"What I know is
that De Graw last! where
you from, Jacksonville Fla
where you bound to. Jacksonville
it's a load of pitch pine
and rice vessel. This the old
I reported to me. But the Captain
asked about it till me
and after another day the
arrived safe at her port of
call. "no" "no" "no" "no" "no"

Sunday, 27th Nov. 1874. 131 days out
of New York 250 miles distance

It seems almost impious to write
in the face and view of what we
are going through with, but, pen
and ink in hand, labor joined
between a man & God, it is hard
ever, a few moments all the rest
to my ones. Did not thought should
get a New York Pilot to come up
yesterday or even earlier 120
miles off. Add the improved
good, Bad Providence is
different.

"Sissons on the
beam to port."

Great God! for who
with Thee is just.

4th gale has struck and
run twice, and to write
it is known is everywhere
is in motion again. Cheering
from their places. Hates
days, water me in though

Crack and the wind
but I am neither yet a great
Boil at me, are very worn worn
and can't be accounted and
a species that we have
drawn in to let shore now
4 G. went to clear
the went on shore
I have been on a continual
and about sleep a am
The opportunity of a
surprise and new, is to me
the beautiful since we
ever had I have eaten so
well that I am ravenous
to eat and to smooth this throat
kindly voices to cheer
to talk with all
I can say. She said
are all to the
right " I do not
have to it. only I have
a shore night have given
a kinder greeting
of men

2019.26.2

112
G.DOR
MATHIAS
DISTRICT, THOMAS
DISTRICT, GEORGE
H. DISTRICT, K.A.